This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

# THE MEN WHO BLAZE THE TRAIL

DUNHAM

UC-NRLF
$B 273 360

THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

PR5
D917
m

For out of olde feldes as men seith
Cometh al this newe corn fro yeer to yere
And out of olde bokes in good feith
Cometh al this newe science that men lere

EX LIBRIS
WM·DALLAM ARMES

THE MEN
WHO BLAZE
THE TRAIL

To
Prof. William Dallam Armes,
With the compliments of the
Author –
Sam C. Dunham.

Fruitvale, Calif.,
July 15, 1913.

# THE MEN WHO BLAZE THE TRAIL

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

SAM. C. DUNHAM

With an Introduction by

JOAQUIN MILLER

*Let others sing of those who've won*
*Full hoard of virgin gold!*
*I strike the lyre for those who've none,*
*But yet are strong and bold.*

NEW YORK
BARSE & HOPKINS
PUBLISHERS

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY
BARSE & HOPKINS

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

# CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| THE MEN WHO BLAZE THE TRAIL..... Let others sing of those who've won. | 19 |
| ALASKA TO UNCLE SAM ..... Sitting on my greatest glacier. | 21 |
| COMRADES OF THE KLONDIKE ..... Have you, too, banged at the Chilkoot? | 26 |
| A REPLY ..... I, too, have banged at the Chilkoot. | 27 |
| ARCTIC LIGHTNING ..... Far cut where the sullen darkness. | 29 |
| TO JOAQUIN MILLER ..... Here at the Gate of the Arctic. | 30 |
| JUST BACK FROM DAWSON ..... I've just got back from Dawson, where the Arctic rainbow ends. | 31 |
| SENCE I COME BACK FROM DAWSON.... Sence I come back from Dawson to these old familiar scenes. | 36 |
| I'M GOIN' BACK TO DAWSON ..... I'm goin' back to Dawson, an' suppose I must explain. | 41 |
| A FATAL GIFT ..... When a man gets along to about forty-two. | 48 |
| THE LAMENT OF THE OLD SOUR DOUGH. I've trudged and I've starved and I've frozen. | 51 |
| THE GOLDSMITH OF NOME ..... I am resting by my anvil. | 55 |
| SINCE THE JUDGE LEFT HERE FOR NOME Like one just waking from a dream, I walked abroad to-day. | 66 |




395506

CONTENTS


| | PAGE |
|---|---|
| TO THE YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS... Will you let an Arctic Brother lay a garland on the bier? | 72 |
| A GREETING TO THE SWEDES ..... We learn to-day that you've received a message from the Sound. | 76 |
| THE POOR SWEDE ..... A square-headed, hard-working Swede. | 79 |
| THE LAWYER AND THE MINER ..... A lawyer was disbarred back home. | 80 |
| HOMEWARD BOUND ..... I am out upon the ocean. | 82 |
| TO THE YUKON SOUR DOUGHS ..... I've done just as you told me to that night I read to you. | 86 |
| A WISE SWEDE ..... Last year, when the fever was staking. | 91 |
| BRICK WHEATON'S GRAVE ..... I've been across to Oakland Heights, just as I promised you. | 94 |
| A YUKON VISION ..... As one who holds a sea-shell to his ear. | 103 |
| TO ANDREW CARNEGIE ..... We're informed that you're afraid. | 104 |
| RIDER ROOSEVELT ..... If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I. | 107 |
| GIVE US WATER, UNCLE SAM ..... What we want out here is water. | 110 |
| THE NYE COUNTY ASS ..... The ass that roams yon barren hill. | 114 |
| THE PROMOTER ..... 'Twas 'way back in the early days—a year ago last fall. | 118 |
| LEM ALLEN OF CHURCHILL ..... We sing of Lem Allen of Churchill. | 123 |

## THE POET LAUREATE OF ALASKA

I HAVE asked permission of my friend, pardner and companion of the olden, golden Klondike days, to write an introduction to this revised edition of his Alaskan poems. He is not at all responsible for the title of this screed or its contents. In truth, he stoutly protests; for, like all true poets, he is doubtful of his merits and shy of favorable mention. But I have bullied him into letting me have my own way and shall say what I please. For I love the great new land of the ultimate North, the lone white silence which spreads its wings of mingled light and midnight even to the North Pole; and whoever loves this vast empire and can picture the life there, even in the humblest walks, as Dunham has done, I must love also from my heart of hearts.

Ever so much has been written of Alaska, but Sam C. Dunham has not only loved Alaska, he has lived Alaska; and his book shall live. Only

one other writer, a woman, Ella Higginson, in her great prose work, it seems to me, has really gone to the heart of Alaskan life and—death. The two authors and their works are as wide apart as Sitka and Nome; but each book is in its way entirely true, interesting and unique.

I had climbed the formidable Chilkoot Pass of ice and avalanches, with my eighty-pound pack and nearly sixty years on my back, and on reaching the Klondike addressed some lines to my fellow-adventurers, beginning:

Have you, too, banged at the Chilkoot,
That storm-locked gate to the golden door?
Those thunder-built steeps have words built to suit;
And whether you prayed or whether you swore,
'Twere one, where it seemed that an oath were a prayer—
Seemed that God couldn't care,
Seemed that God wasn't there.

Sam C. Dunham, a close friend of the Commissioner of Labor at Washington, who sent him out nominally in the interest of commerce and labor, but really on a semi-secret mission, came on over the terrible Chilkoot Pass soon after, and as a whole mountainside of men and

women had been swept by an avalanche down the icy steep into eternity, he felt constrained to parody my lines and give anything but a glorious and romantic coloring to the condition of things, either on the Klondike or the way thither. But he did not protest. Even an avalanche, or all the avalanches in the world, would not have stopped or turned aside that mad torrent of humanity bound for the Klondike. He took the only wise course—made light of the whole most serious situation.

Dunham had been wisely chosen at Washington for this mission to the new goldfields. He had roughed it in California, Nevada, Utah, and Colorado, and was one of the heroic figures of Montana, and he knew gold mines and gold miners well. Almost any other man, sent out from the social center of the national capital, would have either turned back or at least sent out wails of official cries for help and protests against the incoming flood of half-destitute and wholly desperate humanity. But he did nothing of the sort. This close friend and private secretary of Senator Voorhees, this man of letters at Washington, sat down quietly on the Klondike, took his beans and bacon with the rest of us;

then when Nome broke out was on the firing line with dogs and sled along with the first. And under these circumstances were his realistic little poems written. And that is why they are so entirely photographic. He dealt only with men and the men of the hour. I also worked, worked hard and honestly as I could; but I dealt with Nature, the elements, and with old Indian traditions. My longest, strongest, and, I think, best, poem was written there.* But I fell far short of Dunham in directness and picturesque force. His work is clean. Bret Harte and many others, in dealing with these mighty modern Argonauts, have seen fit to sail too often very close to forbidden lands in literature. But Sam C. Dunham's work is entirely clean. It is strong and the most truthful poetry I ever read.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

THE HIGHTS, Fruitvale, Cal., Dec. 1, 1912.

* "A Song of Creation." It constitutes the fifth volume of Mr. Miller's Complete Poems.

On February fifteenth, nineteen thirteen, while this book was being put in type, Joaquin Miller died at his home on The Hights, a stone's throw from where I am writing these lines. I owe much to him. My very first attempt at verse-writing was my "Reply" to his "Comrades of the Klondike," and it was his generous encouragement during our intimate association at Circle City in the winter of 1897-8 that impelled me to write the verses that appear in the first section of this little volume. He was the wisest and best and kindliest man whom I have ever known —the greatest all-round human being whom it has ever been my privilege to call "friend." With all the love and veneration that one man can have for another, I send this greeting to him in his new home on the sunset side of his Sundown Sea, where trail-worn poets rest:

Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
Beyond the farthest star,
In the realms of everlasting peace,
Out where our loved ones are.

SAM C. DUNHAM.

Fruitvale, Cal., Feb. 28, 1913.

## DEDICATION

To the one who stood by my side with undaunted soul through the stress and strain of impending shipwreck in the great Ice Pack on Bering Sea; who stood with me, hand in hand, no less intrepidly, on the Great American Desert, amid the rack and ruin of an exploded mining boom; who has exemplified, through the succeeding years of persistent and apparently perpetual adversity, the sublimity of patience and courage and helpfulness; who is my wisest and keenest, and yet my kindest, critic, and the only "pardner" who has played fair with me at all times and in all situations;—to the bravest and best fellow in the world, my wife, this little book of verse is affectionately dedicated.

SAM C. DUNHAM.

# PREFACE

THE verses in the first part of this book were originally published in 1901, under the title of "The Goldsmith of Nome and Other Verse." That little volume, which was dedicated "To the workers on the Yukon, who, through the long, cold winter of national neglect, have been patiently working while watching and waiting for the ice to melt," contained the following preface:

"These verses were written while the author was under assignment to Northern Alaska in 1897-8 as a Statistical Expert of the Department of Labor, and in 1899-1900 as a Special Agent of the Twelfth Census. They are the free expression of some sentiments which 'official courtesy' quite properly excluded from his reports to the Commissioner of Labor and the Director of the Census. Most of them have appeared in various newspapers—The New York Sun, The San Francisco Examiner, The Wash-

ington Post, The Illustrated London News, and others. They are presented as an appeal from the tax-burdened and unrepresented people of Alaska to the Government at Washington for relief from the wrongs which they have borne too patiently for twenty years. In 1900 Alaska paid into the Treasury of the United States revenues averaging $1,207.43 for every day in the year. For what?"

The verses in the first edition are reproduced here practically without revision. Except for the thin sop of an emasculated legislative assembly, the Government at Washington has done so little for Alaska during the last decade that they are as timely now as when they were written.

Most of the verses in the second part originally appeared in The Tonopah Miner while I was editor of that paper.

SAM C. DUNHAM.

FRUITVALE, CAL., Dec. 10, 1912.

## THE MEN WHO BLAZE THE TRAIL

Let others sing of those who've won
  Full hoard of virgin gold!
I strike the lyre for those who've none,
  But yet are strong and bold—
Who've blazed the trails through a pathless
      waste
And on the world's new chart have traced
The lines that lead where the treasure 's placed,
  And all their secrets told.

They search the streams and hillsides rend,
  The hidden truth to learn;
They trudge where land and sky-line blend,
  And gaze till eyeballs burn;
They scale bleak heights whence vast plains
      sweep,
And sow for those who come to reap,
While wives and sweethearts in homeland weep
  And pray for their return.

Afar in regions of night-gloomed day
  Their slender shadows leap;
O'er snow-crowned peaks they fight their way
  To where the Gold-gods sleep;
Where the congelations of the ages lie,
And athwart the dome of the midnight sky
Aurora's moon-drenched splendors fly,
  Onward their footsteps creep.

Out where Deathland, reft of bush or tree,
  Spreads like a sun-browned lawn;
To the verge of the rigid, ice-locked sea,
  Where twilight weds the dawn;
Where a sheenless moon sails the sunlit night,
Where inert and dim bides the Mystic Light,
And the white swan ends his vernal flight,
  They still are pressing on.

So while others sing of the chosen few
  Who o'er the Fates prevail,
I will sing of the many, staunch and true,
  Whose brave hearts never quail—
Who with the dauntless spirit of pioneers
A State are building for the coming years,
Their sole reward their loved ones' tears—
  The men who blaze the trail!

## ALASKA TO UNCLE SAM

Sitting on my greatest glacier,
  With my feet in Bering Sea,
I am thinking, cold and lonely,
  Of the way you've treated me.
Three-and-thirty years of silence!
  Through ten thousand sleepless nights
I've been praying for your coming—
  For the dawn of civil rights.

When you took me, young and trusting,
  From the growling Russian bear,
Loud you swore before the nations
  I should have the Eagle's care.
Never yet has wing of eagle
  Cast a shadow on my peaks,
But I've watched the flight of buzzards
  And I've felt their busy beaks.

Your imported cross-roads statesmen
  (What a motley, sordid train!)
Come with laws conceived in closets—
  Made for loot and private gain!

These the best that you can furnish?
  Then God help the heathen folk
You have rescued from the burden
  Of the rotting Spanish yoke!

I'm a full-grown, proud-souled woman,
  And I'm getting tired and sick—
Wearing all the cast-off garments
  Of your body politic.
If you'll give me your permission,
  I will make some wholesome laws
That will suit my hard conditions
  And promote your country's cause.

By the latest mail you sent me
  (Nearly all your mails are late!)
Comes the news that you've gone roving
  In your proud old Ship of State—
Dreaming with a sunburnt siren
  By the sultry southern seas,
Where the songs of your enchantress
  Swoon upon the scented breeze.

You are blind with lust of conquest
  And desire for foreign trade,
Or you'd see the half-drawn dagger,
  With its brightly-burnished blade,

Sticking in the loosened girdle
  Of the black brute by your side—
If you treat her as I'm treated
  She will stick it through your hide.

Curb your taste for sun-killed countries,
  Where the natives loaf and shirk;
Come to richer northern regions,
  Where the people think and work.
If you want a part of Asia
  When the Chinamen are killed,
Run a railroad up to Bering—
  I will show you where to build.

Come next spring and count my treasures
  And don't stop at Glacier Bay,
Like the many high commissions
  You have started up this way.
You will see my wooded mountains,
  With their citadels of snow
Gleaming in the purple distance
  Through the pearl-hued alpen-glow.

Standing on my flower-strewn hillsides,
  Where my mighty rivers meet,
Gazing o'er my verdant valleys,
  Spreading seaward from your feet,

You will see the sunlit splendors
Of my moonless midnight skies,
Gilded with a light supernal
Shining straight from Paradise.

If you stay till Hoary Winter
Has entombed the silent land,
You will read celestial sermons,
Written by the Master's hand
On the azure walls of heaven,
Where Aurora's tinted light
Weirdly flits like summer lightning
All the ghostly Arctic night.

When you come I'll show you wonders
That will cause you great surprise,
And if gold is what you're seeking
You will open wide your eyes.
Drive away your Wall street schemers,
With their coupons and their nerve—
Then while you extend your commerce
I'll expand your gold reserve.

You will find a magic city
On the shore of Bering Strait
Which shall be for you a station
To unload your Arctic freight,

Where the gold of Humboldt's vision
  Has for countless ages lain,
Waiting for the hand of labor
  And the Saxon's tireless brain.

You shall have a cool vacation,
  Hunting for the great white bear,
And you'll soon forget Manila
  And the trouble you've had there;
For as in the morn of nations
  Every highway led to Rome,
You and all your restless rivals
  Will be sailing straight to Nome.

You will wake a sleeping empire,
  Stretching southward from the Pole
To the headlands where the waters
  Of your Western ocean roll.
Then will rise a mighty people
  From the travail of the years,
Whom with pride you'll call your children—
  Offspring of my pioneers.

## COMRADES OF THE KLONDIKE

### I

Have you, too, banged at the Chilkoot,
That storm-locked gate to the golden door?
Those thunder-built steeps have words built to suit,
And whether you prayed or whether you swore,
'T were one, where it seemed that an oath were a prayer—
Seemed that God couldn't care,
Seemed that God wasn't there!

### II

Have you, too, climbed to the Klondike?
Hast talked as a friend to the five-horned stars?
With muckluc shoon and with talspike
Hast bared gray head to the golden bars,
Those heaven-built bars where Morning is born?
Hast drunk with Maiden Morn
From Klondike's golden horn?

III

Hast read, low-voiced, by the Northlights
Such sermons as never men say?
Hast sat and sat with the Midnights,
That sit and that sit all day?
Hast heard the iceberg's boom on boom?
Hast heard the silence, the room?
The glory of God, the gloom?

IV

Then come to my sunland, my soldier—
Aye, come to my heart, and to stay!
For better crusader or bolder
Bared never his breast to the fray,
And whether you prayed or you cursed,
You dared the best—and the worst—
That ever brave man durst.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

## A REPLY

I

I, too, have banged at the Chilkoot;
I have scaled her storm-torn height
And slid down her trail with dizzy shoot
That produced a Northern Light;

And I uttered a curse-laden prayer—
Of course God didn't care,
For only the Devil was there.

II

I, too, have climbed to the Klondike,
Through bog and muck and roots,
Till my legs were as stiff as thy talspike
And the water filled both of my boots;
Have drunk from golden horn
With maidens, night to morn—
I acknowledge the corn.

III

Have heard, loud-voiced, by the Northlights
Such oaths as only men say;
Have lain awake through the Midnights
And fought mosquitoes all day;
Cursed Klondike's—not the iceberg's—boom,
And paid an ounce for a room,
Which filled my soul with gloom.

IV

My friend, I'll come to thy sunland
As soon as this long winter 's o'er,
And I'll drink to thy health in the one land
Whither thy thoughts ever soar;

And though this drought be the worst
That ever humanity cursed,
At last we'll banish our thirst.

## ARCTIC LIGHTNING

Far out where the sullen darkness
  Palls the silent, ice-chained sea,
Spring, low-arched, the fragile Northlights
  O'er the realm of mystery;
From their haunts beneath the crescent,
  Where the murky shadows lie,
Come Aurora's pale magicians
  With their festoons for the sky,
And while the Color Sergeant musters
  His Immortal Seven
To hang their banners from the dome
  And drape the walls of heaven,
Straight he hurls his shafts of silver
  High up in the star-gemmed blue,
Where the wraiths of light, soft-tinted
  And of swiftly-changing hue,
Through the long and ghostly vigils
  Of the voiceless Arctic night
Weirdly gleam and faintly whisper
  As they tremble out of sight.

## TO JOAQUIN MILLER

*Written at Chilkoot Pass*

Here at the Gate of the Arctic,
  Facing the silent land,
Backward I reach through the distance
  And grasp your heart-hot hand.
If our earthly trails ne'er cross again,
  I'll meet you farther west,
On the sunset side of your Sundown Sea,
  Where trail-worn poets rest.

## JUST BACK FROM DAWSON

I've just got back from Dawson, where the Arctic rainbow ends,
An' the swiftly-rushin' Klondike with the mighty Yukon blends;
Where the sun on Christmas mornin' in the act of risin' sets,
So that just a minit's sunshine is all that region gets;
An' the rimplin' midnight glories through the moon-tranced heavens fly,
While the guileless sour-dough miners set around the stove and lie
'Bout the good old times at Circle, 'fore the smooth promoters came
An' set the country boomin' in a way that is a shame.

I've just got back from Dawson, where the large mosquitoes sing,
An' soon as they forsake the camp, their small successors sting;

Where 'long about the last of June the sun again surprises
The new-arrived inhabitants, an' while it's settin' rises;
Where the price of pay-streak bacon is two dollars for a pound,
An' to treat your friends at Spencer's costs an ounce or two a round,
An' they sell Seattle cider, in the guise of dry shampain,
Which institoots a lingerin' drunk that's very far from plain.

I've just returned from Dawson, where the charge for anteek eggs
Makes considerable difference in length of buyers' legs;
Where our helpful friends in Washington, misled by bad advice,
Concluded they could operate steam enjins on the ice,
An' are tryin' now the reindeer, a-feedin' them on moss,
But wherever they've been tried so far there's been a heavy loss,

While all the old trail-breakers to their pet traditions cling
An' still maintain with vehemence—"The dog's the proper thing."

I've just reached here from Dawson, where I seen Frank Slavin spar,
An' also seen his victim a-revivin' at the bar
While Frank shook hands with all his friends an' loudly did declare
That he could lick Fitzsimmons, too, if he was only there;
An' seen Oklahoma Wilson attempt to instigate
A coop de Colt, but ere his gun became articulate
They yanked him to the barracks in a way he won't forget,
An' to cultivate his harmlessness they're boardin' him there yet.

I've just come out from Dawson, where everybody's health
Is bein' undermined an' ruined in a wild-eyed rush for wealth,
An' a score or so of schemers, on evil projects bent,
Are robbin' the community to a terrible extent;

Where the men who dig the treasure are strong
an' brave an' bold,
Wrenchin' from the glacier's bowels stockin's
full of yellow gold,
While the transportation pirates slyly syndicate
their gall
With the criminal intention of absorbin' of it all.

I've just escaped from Dawson, where the ice
grows ten feet thick,
An' doods who like their baths served cold don't
take 'em in a crick;
Where no one, be he rich or poor, is ever dubbed
a "hero"
Till he has done his hundred miles at 60 less
than zero;
Where men chop water out in chunks an' pile it
on the banks,
An' make their hot-air heaters out of empty coal-
oil tanks,
An' read back-number papers by the unobtrusive
rays
Of tallow-dips an' davy lamps—dim lights of
other days.

I've just emerged from Dawson, a bad financial
wreck,
For instead of gettin' dust galore, I got it in
the neck,
Where Adam got the apple in that episode with
Eve,
Which led to woe an' stern decree that they
would have to leave,
Like thirty thousand other jays, by golden vi-
sions lured,
Who climbed the trails, through hardships to
which they weren't inured,
To find that them Dominion knaves, by dastardly
deceits,
Had concessioned everything in sight an' even
leased the streets.

## SENCE I COME BACK FROM DAWSON

Sence I come back from Dawson to these old familiar scenes,
I've read the yaller journals an' the 10-cent magazines,
An' to sort o' classify events an' find out what occurred
While I was hibernatin' where the light of God was blurred,
I've been searchin' through the columns of the daily picture-press,
To see if I could ascertain, or formulate a guess,
Why the scribblers who last autumn so artistically lied
'Bout the riches of the Klondike concluded to subside.

Then every trail was occupied by journalistic beats
Who represented (with slim cards) all saffron-tinted sheets

From Seattle to Savannah an' from Bangor to Duluth,
But nary one of them was there to represent the truth.
They stumbled up the Chilkoot an' they loafed along the lakes,
An' when not a-photographin' things or writin' up their fakes,
Imbibed raw rum from Hudson Bay, an' dressed in goffin' suits,
Stood 'round an' asked old-timers 'bout the shortest Klondike roots.

Now I've gathered from my readin' that the reason why they quit
Writin' lies about the Klondike was, as lawyers say, to-wit:
Havin' placed us in cold storage an' done all the harm they could,
They felt a awful cravin' for a brand of booze that's good,
An' left at once to sponge it, an' unable to refrain
From causin' people trouble, they arranged a war with Spain,

An' to properly conduct the same, rushed bravely to the front
An' led all the gallant charges an' bore the battle's brunt.

Now, while us Klondike refugees most greevusly deplore
The mournful fact so few of them passed to the other shore,
Our grief is curtailed by the thought which punctuates our sobs,
That some of them who were not killed have lately lost their jobs.
An' sence my feelin's is aroused, some words I've got to say
About the highly lucrative but lowly sinful way
The experts an' perfessers told the things they didn't know
(A-settin' in warm rooms at home) about the realm of snow.

Of all their stories I have read, the worst about that far land
Was written by a man whose brow has long worn Fiction's garland,

Who in the "Klondike Number" of a well-known magazine
Told of the sylvan beauties of some trails he'd never seen,
With purlin' brooks an' wild delights an' picnics everywhere
(Things that exist in poets' dreams, but don't exist up there);
Then followed in the steps of them he'd so cruelly misled,
To write about the scenery an' enumerate the dead.

Perhaps 't will seem that I've assumed a gay an' flippant air,
But while I'm settin' here to-night a ghost stands by my chair.
Again I see a famished form stretched 'neath a sombre sky;
Again I fold the shriveled hands an' close the death-glazed eye;
I see the horrors Falsehood wrought, an' hear again the wail
Of its victim as he perished on a panoramic trail,

Where his bleached an' badly-scattered bones is
all that's left to tell
How he battled with the terrors of a thousand
miles of hell.

Now, as I ain't no statesman, I can't figger what
we'll gain
Through our unexpected legacy of trouble from
old Spain;
But as a unkissed hero from the barren Yukon
Flats,
I modestly petition our distinguished diplomats:
In your God-directed efforts to emancipate man-
kind,
Don't forget your helpless brothers in your Arc-
tic wilds confined,
But in your swoop for liberty, to right an' justice
true,
Extend a helpin' hand to them—annex Alaska,
too.

## I'M GOIN' BACK TO DAWSON

I'm goin' back to Dawson, an' suppose I must explain
How I generated nerve enough to hit that trail again.
I've tramped this land from east to west an' tried it north an' south,
An' found the people short on heart but very long on mouth;
I've wandered through the byways an' I've mingled with the crowds,
An' felt a dam sight lonesomer than when above the clouds
I stood alone 'mid ghostly isles that pierced a spectral sea
An' cried in vain to far-off stars that couldn't answer me.

I met a great philanthropist, whose wealth they say was ground
From the labor of a thousand serfs—whose fame's a-spreadin' round

Because he built a edifice an' filled it full of
books
To learn the poor submission to incorporated
crooks,
An' seen him stop a barefoot kid with papers in
the street
An' hand to him a nickel for a flamin' one-cent
sheet,
Then sneak behind him for a block, a-keepin'
him in range,
To nab the limpin' little cuss if he tried to swipe
the change.

An' I rambled through the alleys of a big de-
partment store,
Admirin' of the handsome gents which walk
along the floor
A-tellin' ladies where to go to get the cheapest
things—
Where "Cash!" appears to be the song that
everybody sings,
An' somethin' like five hundred girls that ought
to be at school
Lean wearily against the shelves because there's
nary stool—

An' I'm told the chap who owns the claim has the immortal nerve
To pay but half a case a day to them that stand an' serve.

I'm also told that this here man exists in princely style
In marble halls set on a hill that slopes away a mile,
An' to stupefy his conscience he's donated from his wad
Some money to the heathens an' has built a house for God;
An' drowsin' in his temple on a recent Sabbath morn,
I seen again the faces of them girls so pale an' lorn,
An' wondered if the cuss was bankin' on the heathens he had saved
For a discount up in heaven on the white folks he'd enslaved.

Then I roused up from my dreamin' that the organ had produced
An' thought about the Yukon boys I've so shamefully traduced,

An' seen again quite clearly, in no music-painted dream,
Two snow-blind men a-stumblin' 'hind a limpin' Siwash team—
Old Cooley an' his pardner Jo, who never go to church,
A-strugglin' back to Circle from their long trip out on Birch
To feed the starvin' Tananas—a service so high-priced
They'll not collect their wages till they hand their bills to Christ.

In trampin' through this high-toned land I'm painfully surprised
To learn that butchers so refined an' highly civilized
That they'd disdain to occupy a mansion built of logs
Provide our soldiers beef an' things I wouldn't feed my dogs;
Which makes me want to get back where the canned goods ain't so bad
An' the girls you meet on every hand ain't pale-faced, thin, an' sad—

Where the milk of human kindness ain't so rigidly congealed
That we'd let 'em wander from the trail because they wasn't heeled.

I want to hear the soothin' tones of Bates's old guitar
As he sings about "The Fisher Maiden" at "The Polar Star,"
An' watch Brick Wheaton rassle with his yaller mandolin
As he chants the charms of Injun hootch an' other kinds of sin;
I want to hear them songs once more an' want to see my friends
Where the swiftly-rushin' Klondike with the mighty Yukon blends,
An' they size a feller-sinner by his heart an' what he knows
An' never ask his Southern name or criticise his clo's.

I want to see Aurora—not the one that greets the day,
But her weak an' pallid namesake—try to drive the night away,

An' watch her throw her shafts of silver far up in the sky,
While her color-bearers tint 'em with an always-changin' dye,
An' from the walls of heaven all their fragile banners swing
Till the air's alive with whispers like the swishin' of a wing,
An' from the zenith flash great lights across the interspace
Till you feel you're in God's presence an' can almost see His face.

So I'm goin' back to Dawson, an' I'll float along that way
When the ice moves down the river, 'long about the last of May,
When the birds an' flowers are flirtin' an' the white clouds sail the blue—
An' the energetic insecks get in their fine work too.
I know now what I didn't when I went up there before,
That it is soshul suicide to linger 'round here poor,

For though the Arctic winters there are long an' dark an' cold,
They're warmer than my welcome when they found I brought no gold.

## A FATAL GIFT *

When a man gets along to about forty-two,
He's apt to sit down and let pass in review
The scenes of his past, and he's likely to make
An effort to spot the fatal mistake
Which changed the whole course of human events
With regards to his hopes and honest intents.

One makes his mistake in the morning of life,
In failing to choose or in choosing a wife;
Another takes a drink and the evil is done,
And Dishonor completes what the Devil begun,
While many evade Life's pitfalls and snares
Till Old Time has garnered or silvered their hairs.

But mine was the earliest failure on earth,
For I made my mistake at the hour of birth

* Read at a dinner given to the author at St. Michael, Alaska, on his forty-fifth birthday, February 22, 1900.

By making my début, an undressed kid,
The same day of the month that Washington did,
And I look back now and see quite plain
Why all of my efforts have been in vain.

You've heard about George and his cute little ax
And his weakness for sticking too close to the facts.
My very first effort to emulate him
Gave a shock to my system that made my head swim,
For when I confessed to my volatile dad
I got the worst licking I ever have had.

In spite of that set-back I've kept up the fight
'Gainst Error and Falsehood, for Truth and the Right;
But always through life I've felt the restraint
Of the gift handed down by my Natal-day Saint,
And I'm forced to admit that Virtue's reward
Is the only return I can thus far record.

No matter what pathway I've chosen in life,
In city or country or political strife,

On the crest of a mountain or the marge of a lake,
There stood close beside me my fatal mistake,
And wherever my lofty ambition has led
I've seen my hopes wither, my projects drop dead.

But here in the Arctic, where Falsehood is tough,
The pathway of Truth is peculiarly rough,
And as I gaze out o'er the white frozen sea
I feel all too keenly it's no place for me,
For no one who sticks to George W.'s creed
Can ever expect in this land to succeed.

## THE LAMENT OF THE OLD SOUR DOUGH

I've trudged and I've starved and I've frozen
  All over this white barren land—
Where the sea stretches straight, white and silent,
  Where the timberless white mountains stand—
From the white peaks that gleam in the moonlight,
  Like a garment that graces a soul,
To the last white sweep of the prairies,
  Where the black shadows brood round the Pole.

(Now, pray don't presume from this prelude
  That a flame of poetical fire
Is to burst from my brain like a beacon,
  For I've only been tuning my lyre
To the low, sad voice of a singer
  Who's inspired to sing you some facts
About the improvements in staking
  And the men who mine with an ax.)

I've panned from Peru to Point Barrow,
  But I never located a claim
Till I'd fully persuaded my conscience
  That pay dirt pervaded the same;
And this is the source of my sorrow,
  As you will be forced to agree
When you learn how relentless Misfortune
  Has dumped all her tailings on me.

I worked with my pardner all summer,
  Cross-cutting a cussed cold creek,
Which we never once thought of locating
  Unless we located the streak;
And when at the close of the season
  We discovered the creek was a fake,
We also discovered the region
  Had nothing left in it to stake.

We traversed the toe-twisting tundra,
  Where reindeer root round for their feed,
And the hungry Laplanders who herd them
  Devour them before they can breed.
Here it seemed that good claims might be plenty,
  And we thought we would stake one—perhaps;
But we found to our grief that the gulches
  Were staked in the name of the Lapps.

A hundred long leagues to the northward,
  Through the untrodden, sun-burnished snow,
We struggled, half blind and half famished,
  To the sea where the staunch whalers go.
We found there broad beaches of ruby
  And mountains with placers and leads,
But all save the sky was pre-empted
  By salt-water sailors and Swedes.

Then we climbed the cold creeks near a mission
  That is run by an agent of God,
Who trades Bibles and prayer-books to heathen
  For ivory, sealskins and cod.
At last we were sure we had struck it,
  But alas! for our hope of reward—
The landscape from sea-beach to sky-line
  Was staked in the name of the Lord!

We're too slow for the new breed of miners,
  Embracing all classes of men,
Who locate by power of attorney
  And prospect their claims with a pen—
Who do all of their fine work through agents
  And loaf around town with the sports,
On intimate terms with the lawyers,
  On similar terms with the courts.

We're scared to submission and silence
  By the men the Government sends
To force us to keep law and order,
  While they keep claims for their friends,
And collect in an indirect manner
  An exceedingly burdensome tax,
Assumed for a time by the traders
  And then transferred to our backs.

We had some hard knocks on the Klondike
  From the Cub-lion's unpadded paws,
And suffered some shocks from high license
  And other immutable laws;
But they robbed us by regular schedule,
  So we knew just what to expect,
While at Nome we're scheduled to struggle
  Until we're financially wrecked.

I'm sick of the scream of the Eagle
  And laws of dishonest design,
And I'm going in search of a country
  Where a miner can locate a mine;
So when I have rustled an outfit
  These places will know me no more,
For I'll try my luck with the Russians
  On the bleak Siberian shore.

# THE GOLDSMITH OF NOME

## I

I am resting by my anvil,*
And my forge is growing cold;
I have ceased my age-long labors,
I have beaten out my gold;
I have scattered wide my treasures
On the superficial sands,
Where they lie unlocked and waiting
For the work of human hands.

Where my far-spread barren beaches
Lay untrod through countless years,
I can see the meager camp-fires
Of the hardy pioneers
Who have learned anew my secret
From the unsecretive sands,
And have sent my golden message
To the workers in all lands.

* The name of the richest creek in the Nome district (Anvil) was suggested by a large rock on the top of a mountain, about five miles from the beach; from many points of view this rock resembles a blacksmith's anvil.

Gazing southward through the valleys
Where the ice-chained rivers sleep
'Neath their wide-flung ghostly mantles
And the Arctic nightwinds sweep,
I see men of dauntless spirit—
Men whose brave hearts never quail—
Struggling northward o'er wild barrens,
Breaking for the world a trail.

Looking out across the waters
Stretching sunward to the Sound,
I can see the sons of labor
Boarding vessels hitherbound;
I can hear the great crowds cheering
On the fast-receding piers,
Where sad mothers clasp their children
And gaze seaward through their tears.

I can see my people coming,
Sailing over many seas;
I can see the white sails swelling
As they catch the southern breeze;
I can see the black smoke trailing
From the sloping steamer-stacks,
Throwing swiftly-circling shadows
Over foamy, swirling tracks.

From the swarming, stifling cities,
  Where wan children gasp for breath;
From the shadeless, unploughed prairies,
  Where grim cyclones scatter death;
From the old world's worked-out placer
  And the rock-choked mountain gorge,
They are coming by the thousands
  For the product of my forge.

## II

Here I wrought throughout the ages,
  By the silent, tideless sea,
Beating out my golden ingots
  For the empire yet to be—
Watched the mighty strife of Nature,
  Heard the glacial millstones grind,
Marked the rise and fall of nations,
  Timed the progress of mankind.

While the seven-hued Arctic lightning
  Faintly flashes through the night,
Tinting all the ghostly landscape
  With its soft, elusive light,

I am dreaming of the glory
  Of the prehistoric race
Which inhabited these valleys
  When the first stampede took place.

When I entered on my labors
  Stately palm trees weirdly threw
Slender shadows in the moonlight,
  Where the sea slept warm and blue;
In the dark primeval forest,
  Dank beneath a tropic sun,
Roamed wild beasts of form colossal,
  Greater than the mastodon.

Birds of brilliant sunlit plumage
  Caroled in the fronded trees,
And their songs were wafted seaward
  On the balmy summer breeze;
Fragrant flowers exhaled their odors,
  And the distant hazy hills
Lulled the fruitful vales and uplands
  With the music of their rills.

From the plain swept wooded mountains
  So immeasurably high
That their gleaming, snowy summits
  Pierced the opalescent sky,

While the sun sent shafts of amber
To adorn their clinging clouds,
And the moon as came the night-tide
Veiled their forms in silver shrouds.

Women framed in perfect beauty,
Greatest gift that God had given,
Reared to manhood happy children,
Taught them truth derived from Heaven;
Men of elemental wisdom,
Giants of that elder time,
Made the land a perfect Eden,
Free from poverty and crime.

III

From beyond the distant mountains,
Where the day pursues the dawn,
Came strange men of pallid visage,
Active brain and feeble brawn,
Who brought all their wiles and vices,
Leaving truth and virtue home,
And at once took up the burden
Of good government for Nome.

They brought all the arts and customs
  Of the countries whence they came,
All their culture and refinement,
  All their wickedness and shame,
And they taught my simple people
  All their subtlety of mind
And the luxury of living
  On the labor of their kind.

They unearthed my hidden treasures,
  Filled their coffers full of gold,
Trafficked in the market places
  Where their fellowmen were sold,
Made of woman's soul and virtue
  The cheap plaything of an hour,
Gave the rights of man to Mammon,
  Bought their way to place and power.

When God saw the selfish uses
  To which men had put His gold,
Black His brow became with anger
  And His heart grew stern and cold,
And He hurled His bolts of thunder
  From the battlements of Heaven
Till the sun went out in darkness
  And remotest space was riven.

Then came on that awful travail
  Which made Mother Nature groan,
Shook the stars from out the heavens,
  Threw the Devil from his throne,
Swung the planets from their orbits
  Till they aimless swept and whirled,
Turned the Tropics to the Arctics,
  And repolarized the world.

Through the frigid, age-long winter
  Here in loneliness I dwelt
In my breezy glacial cavern,
  Waiting for the ice to melt,
Till at last I caught a vision,
  Through the sun-transfigured rime,
Of my vales once more aslumber
  'Neath the haze of summertime.

## IV

Then I watched that wondrous waking,
  Nineteen hundred years ago,
When the great searchlights of Heaven
  Set the universe aglow,

Throwing rays of hope and comfort
Through the darkness of despair
Hanging o'er the heavy laden
And the weary everywhere.

All night long the earth lay sleeping
'Neath a pale, mysterious light
Beaming from the throne of Heaven,
Where God's lamps were burning bright;
Choirs seraphic made sweet music,
Faintly heard through gates ajar—
In the East, above the morning,
Shone a new Irradiant Star.

Jesus came and taught His lessons,
Walked the earth a little space,
Lighted all the ways of sorrow
With the glory of His face,
Planted hope in hopeless bosoms
As he went from door to door,
Wept and fainted by the wayside
'Neath the burdens of the poor.

He rebuked the righteous rascals
Who stood in the street to pray,
Scourged the brokers from God's temple,
Drove the hypocrites away,

Lifted up forsaken women,
  Cheered the lonely and distressed,
Folded hungry little children
  Gently to His loving breast.

Then the money-changers dragged Him
  Like a drunkard through the street,
Thrust sharp thorns in His pale forehead,
  Pierced with nails His bleeding feet,
Stretched Him on the tree of torture,
  And His quivering muscles tore,
As upon the cross of labor
  They now crucify the poor.

As His Spirit sped to Heaven,
  Clothed in raiment white as snow,
From afar I heard His promise
  To all workers here below:
"Watch and labor in my vineyard,
  Bear the burden and the pain;
I am going to my Father,
  But I'll come to you again."

V

Then a great awaking pity
Seized upon my swelling breast,
And my heart was filled with yearning
For the wretched and oppressed;
As a father loves to labor
For the children of his bone,
I have wrought here for my people,
In the silence and alone.

I have watched them sadly toiling
Through the centuries as slaves,
Never laying down their burdens
Till they dropped them at their graves,
And while watching I've been working
For the workers in all lands,
For the millions born to labor,
Their sole heritage their hands.

Not as wrought the other Goldsmiths,
Jealous of their hoarded wealth,
Who in darkness through the ages
Wrought in secret, and by stealth
Hid it in the heart of mountains
From the primal stratum hurled,
Or beneath the slag and cinders
In the basement of the world.

They wrought for the thrifty masters,
For the men of fertile brain,
Who grow rich through toil of others,
Thriving on their brothers' pain—
Who by traffic with earth's rulers
Gain control of Nature's sod,
Arrogating as their birthright
A co-partnership with God.

* * * * * * * *

Come and take my golden treasures
From the shining, yielding sands;
They shall be the untithed wages
Of your free, unfettered hands.
If the men who prey on labor
Try to grasp the gold you glean,
I will call the guardian nation,
And she'll scourge them from the scene.

For the self-selected savior
Of the islands of the sea
Will not idly stand and witness
Such a blow to liberty;
She that 'round the lazy heathen
Her protecting arms has thrown
Will not let her working children
Be defrauded of their own.

## SINCE THE JUDGE LEFT HERE FOR NOME

Like one just waking from a dream, I walked
abroad to-day
And rambled to the green-roofed town that
sleeps across the bay;
I wandered to the empty house, where I was
wont to go
And always found a welcome and a solace for
my woe—
Where erstwhile on cold winter nights (so long
and yet so short!)
We boys from all the island round did frequently
resort
To celebrate the passing hours by playing cards
and pool,
While our kind host ran back and forth and with
his famous tool
Extracted corks and filled us up on beer and
wine and stuff
Till each had sworn repeatedly that he was full
enough.

I stood despondent at the door and faced the
frozen foam
That from my frail and faltering feet reached
westward to Cape Nome,
And as I gazed with brimming eyes across the
shining sea,
Some sober thoughts and sentiments were blown
ashore to me.

I pictured in my burning brain the Judge upon
the trail,
Entombed within a native shack or struck by
Arctic gale,
And then that old, old question came and
bothered me again,
"Are those who go or those who stay the sport
of greatest pain?"
And as I rubbed my throbbing brow, my aching
heart repined,
"The ones who suffer most of all are those who
stay behind!"

I'm sure as westward speeds the Judge he little
apprehends
The frightful havoc he has wrought among his
former friends;

If he could hear them sigh and groan and see
them try to walk,
I'm sure he never would again produce his pri-
vate stock
Of Runnymede and Pommery's and Mumm's se-
ductive secs
And pour the same persistently down their re-
ceptive necks.
(The thing that seems most strange to me and
fills me with surprise
Is how the Judge's "private stock" affects a fel-
low's eyes—
Last night before he went away the town was
painted red,
But now it wears a ghastly green like grave-grass
. o'er the dead.)

* * * * * * *

I wandered through the hatless hall and passed
from room to room,
Last night alive with mirth and light, to-day
adead with gloom.
I went into the parlor, where we used to sit
around
And suffer till the Judge his punch did perfectly
compound.

The bookcase stood with vacant shelves and doors extended wide,
As if it yearned for vanished friends that once reposed inside;
Some flowering plants, left there abloom with blossoms chaste and rare,
Already drooped their slender stems for want of woman's care—
The sight of these familiar things intensified my grief
So that I sadly turned away and sought outside relief.

I blundered with uncertain steps into a closet dark,
Where stood the shapes of spirits flown, all glassy-eyed and stark—
A hundred bottles, all uncorked (last night with fullness rife),
Proclaiming by their emptiness the emptiness of life.
What happened then? Was it a dream? What was I looking at?
What was it that on yonder shelf so calm and proudly sat?

(It was a large cold cruse of Mumm the Judge
forgot to crack—
I cracked it with celerity, my lips began to
smack,
And to my careless absent friend I drank this
truthful toast:
"Of all the drinks I've drunk with you I needed
this one most!")

* * * * * * * *

The room that had appeared so dark was bril-
liantly ablaze—
The scene now shone resplendent with the light
of other days;
The place was full of brawny men and charming
women too—
The former rather numerous, the latter some-
what few;
I heard again the happy jest, the reading of old
rhymes,
The tales of hardships long endured, the stories
of old times;
I heard once more the sweet old songs, sung
with a graceful art
That made us think of childhood's days and
softened every heart;

And then I sank into a chair and wished I was
in Nome,
And while I wished I fell asleep and dreamed a
dream of home.

# TO THE YUKON ORDER OF PIONEERS

*In Memory of Charles S. Lavante. Died at Nome, Sept. 8, 1900.*

Will you let an Arctic Brother lay a garland on the bier
Where sleeps the stark and pallid form of a Yukon Pioneer?
Will you let me pay a tribute to the one you mourn to-day,
Whose soul is speeding homeward from its worked-out dump of clay?

I spent a winter with your friend among the Yukon hills,
And shared with him his simple joys and complicated ills;
I saw him tested by the rule which few at Nome observe,
That we should do to other men what we ourselves deserve.

He broke the rules of order and the excise ordinance
By selling untaxed liquor at the old-time Siwash dance;
But he never broke the maxim of the mushers on the trail,
That it's wrong to pass a comrade when you see he's apt to fail.

I see his face a-beaming as he stood behind the bar
And listened to the soothing tones of Bates's old guitar,
In the good old days at Circle, ere the courts and lawyers came
To rob our richest sluices in a way that is a shame.

I hear again his gentle voice and see his sad, sweet smile,
As he told the tales of hardship on the creeks at Forty Mile—
How you wintered on bad bacon and on prehistoric beans,
And when you had the scurvy steeped the spruce boughs for your greens.

He told me all about the trails that climbed up
in the air,
Meandered o'er the mountain peaks, and ended—
God knows where!
He told me of the hopeful time you spent at
Cassiar,
And how you used to rock out gold on old Bo-
nanza Bar.

He told me how the traders used to do you boys
up brown
By putting up the prices when they said they'd
put them down,
And all about that awful year you fellows almost
died
Because you missed "The Racket" and were
forced to stay inside.

His latchstring always hung outside, and you
never had to knock,
For he had no knocker at his door, and he
hadn't any lock;
When you asked him for a porterhouse he dished
up caribou,
And when you craved a whisky straight he set
up "hootchinoo."

He never liked the Klondike, and he had no faith
in Nome,
And since he came, in '86, he got no news from
home;
But he never lost his courage, and he always
used to say
That the good old times at Forty Mile would
come again to stay.

The good old times have come to him—but not
at Forty Mile—
And nevermore at Circle will you see his happy
smile;
For he's gone to take his well-earned rest in the
universal way,
And I know he'll find God's latchstring a-hang-
ing out to-day.

## A GREETING TO THE SWEDES

*From Their Fellow-sufferers at Topkuk*

We learn to-day that you've received a message from the Sound
Which loosed the legal ligatures with which your claims were bound.
We send our warmest greetings, and hope that you will get
The dust the Boss Receiver is a-hanging on to yet.

We had our little laughs last year, and chuckled at your woes
Caused by the festive jumpers and the mournful old Sour Doughs;
But we've ceased to smile and laid our laughs upon the upper shelves,
For we have learned to our regret just how it is ourselves.

We have a sub-receiver here, who's working out our mine
In a systematic manner which makes our hearts repine.

He brought a damned expensive plant, shipped
in his boss's name,
And planted it against our "kick" upon our rich-
est claim.

He brought a gang of bosom friends, helped up
here from below,
And wouldn't give a single job to any one we
know,
And when he took the riffles out and weighed his
shining swag,
He wouldn't let us see the scales or even heft
the bag.

We called upon the "lowest" court and all the
powers that be—
We raised our mournful cries to Heaven and
sent them out to sea;
We cried in vain for earthly help and almost
ceased to fight,
When Nature took a hand and gave a knockout
blow for right.

Last week the foam-crowned Sea King came and
served his unbought writ,
And Aleck's high-priced plant now lies deep
down beneath the spit.

God jumped our claim and drove away the horde
of unpaid hands,
Who wander up and down and weep along our
worked-out sands.

We join with you in praise to-day and raise a
joyful shout
In honor of the righteous laws that knocked the
jumpers out.
Let's celebrate in dry champagne the powers that
wield the rod—
You thank the U. S. Circuit Court while we give
thanks to God!

## THE POOR SWEDE

A square-headed, hard-working Swede,
Propelled by inordinate greed,
    Mushed around in the cold
    Till he found some coarse gold,
And then came to town at full speed.

A lawyer with galvanized jaw,
Whose mode of procedure was raw,
    Sent a thief out to jump
    The rich claim of the chump
And stake it "according to law."

The Swede is now stretched on the rack
And trying to get his claim back,
    While the Court takes its time
    To consider the crime
Till the receiver fills up his long sack.

# THE LAWYER AND THE MINER

## I

A lawyer was disbarred back home
And found it convenient to roam;
He floated this way
In a cargo of hay
And inflicted his presence on Nome.

He waited for clients to rob
Till his stomach demanded a job;
Then he haunted the street
For something to eat
Till he looked like a Klondike slob.

## II

A miner climbed over the hills
And prospected the gulches and rills
Till he discovered enough
Of the right kind of stuff
To drive away poverty's ills.

He staked a rich claim in his name
And proceeded to ground-sluice the same;
Then he came in and bragged
Of the gold he had bagged—
That's why he's not working his claim.

III

The case was decided next day
In the usual ex parte way,
And the miner then found
He was robbed of his ground
And couldn't get even a lay.

The lawyer now has ample means
And frequents the most brilliant scenes;
He eats three times a day
At the Paree Caffay,
While the miner eats bacon and beans.

## HOMEWARD BOUND

I am out upon the ocean,
  Sailing southward to the Sound
With six hundred busted brothers,
  Kicking hard, but homeward bound.
There are sixty in the staterooms
  And some eighty souls or so
Sleeping on the floors and tables,
  While the rest seek sleep below.

Of the sixty in the cabin
  Only thirty had the stuff,
While the others came on passes
  Or some other sort of bluff.
How the hundreds in the steerage
  Got the gold to get them home
Always will remain the greatest
  Of the mysteries of Nome.

There's a siren from Seattle
  Who is traveling in style,
Basking in the brilliant sunshine
  Of the purser's dazzling smile.

She has jumped a first-class stateroom
That is simply out of sight,
And has oranges and apples
With her champagne every night.

There's a widow with two children
Who is trying to get home,
Having given up the struggle
When her husband died at Nome.
Both her kids exhibit cravings
For all kinds of fruits and nuts,
But they can't get 'nough of either
To distend their little guts.

There's a smooth absconding lawyer,
Wearing diamonds like a sport,
Who spends all his lucid moments
Praising Nome's imported Court.
He has beefsteaks in his stateroom,
Purloined by the pantryman,
While his clients in the steerage
Eat cold corn-beef from a can.

There's a Topkuk sub-receiver
Who is smuggling like a thief
All the gold the gang could gobble
For their late-transported Chief.

He indulges in fresh oysters,
Fine cigars and foreign wines,
While the man who first staked Topkuk
Tells us how they robbed his mines.

There are counts galore from Paris
And a few of them from Spain,
Who invaded Nome to traffic;
But they'll not do so again,
For they found their debts so heavy
That they had to leave them there,
While their unpaid Dago valets
Had to come out on the Bear.

Late last night they gave a banquet,
And imposed some heavy fines
To defray the steward's charges
For his bummest brands of wines.
All the guests stood the assessment
Without making any kick,
But as soon as they get sober
They'll appreciate the trick.

I shall not recount the horrors
And the terrors of the trip,
For the same may be imagined
By all those who know the ship;

But I'll simply say in closing
That the most distressing fact
That has come to my attention
Is the way the ladies act.

## TO THE YUKON SOUR DOUGHS

I've done just as you told me to that night I read to you
My simple Yukon verses and you said, "By God! they're true!"
But I can't report much progress in a literary way,
For the folks down here don't hanker for the things I have to say.

I read my verses to some men officially quite high,
Who could give you boys up there relief if they would only try;
But I couldn't make them smile or weep or even once relax—
Perhaps they don't like poetry that's based on solid facts.

I read them to the statesmen who combined and formed a trust
To monopolize sluice-robbing and to confiscate your dust,

And shipped to Nome last summer a gang of hired hands
To drive you from your placers and to gut your golden sands.

I held them with my glittering eye and read my very best,
Just as the Ancient Mariner held up the wedding guest;
But just before I made my point they vanished with the "whips"
To reorganize the army and to subsidize some ships.

I tried to get my verses in the daily picture-press,
But the men who guard its columns sent them back to my address,
With the gentle intimation, "We've no room for news from Nome;
We're too busy with our neighbors to consider crimes at home."

Then I sent them to the censors of the 10-cent magazines;
But they wanted stuff from China or the unwhipped Philippines,

Or a lot of pictures showing how the British
butcher Boers—
Not a word about the pirates who infest your
barren shores.

So I've had my verses printed, and I send them
up to you,
Who for years have borne the burden, but are
yet as staunch and true
As when first you blazed the pathway to the
white and silent land;
And I know that when you read them you will
feel and understand.

# LATER VERSES

## A WISE SWEDE

Last year, when the fever for staking
  Raged hotly on tundra and creek,
I fled for my life, and while breaking
  The trail to a far-distant peak,
To stake for my health on the summit,
  I mushed up a canyon that feeds
The famous-rich-coveted placers
  Discovered and staked by the Swedes.

As far as my eyesight could travel—
  From the head of the creek to its lakes,
To the sky-reaching rim of its gravel—
  There was nothing but silence and stakes;
For the gold which God in His goodness
  Had placed there to make the Swedes glad
Lay deep 'neath a godless injunction
  Which covered the claims they once had.

I mushed up the canyon as quickly
  As a musher like me could proceed
Till I came to a claim where a sickly
  But exceedingly square-headed Swede

Was rapidly rocking a rocker
With a skillful and minerlike twist
That yielded each clean-up a panful
Of nuggets as big as your fist.

The claim had been staked to perfection,
As even a novice could see,
For it bristled in every direction
With stakes that were tall as a tree.
It looked like a hopfield in autumn—
No jumper would ever presume
To make an attempt at pre-emption,
For the landscape afforded no room.

I marveled why Back-room Injunction,
The servant of Organized Greed—
His Honor's most fraudulent function—
Had never "injuncted" this Swede;
And I asked him to tell me the secret
Of how he had managed to keep
His claim from the clutch of the lawyers
And all its great benefits reap.

He climbed up and sat down beside me,
On a big pile of well-sharpened stakes,
And calmly but searchingly eyed me,
With the care that a mind-reader takes;

Then he leaned, with an air confidential,
Till his whiskers reposed on my cheek,
And with a smile that was placid he whispered,
"I yump it myself every veek!"

## BRICK WHEATON'S GRAVE *

I've been across to Oakland Hights, just as I promised you,
An' fixed "Brick" Wheaton's restin' place the way you told me to,
An' planted in the coolest spot, among the strange plants there,
The slender sprigs of Yukon fern you sent him in my care.

But Jack McQuesten tells me that he's sure they'll never grow,
'Cause they ought to be a-sleepin' now beneath the Yukon snow;
He says all things that's raised up North is sensitive an' queer—
That even men that's been up there ain't satisfied down here.

* Written in San Francisco and dedicated to Circle City Camp No. 7, Arctic Brotherhood, in memory of W. R. Wheaton, who died at Nome, July 27, 1900.

He tells me that in twenty years he never knew
a man
That spent a winter in the North—except one
African—
An' came outside to see the sights, that wasn't
broke an' tired
An' homesick for his Yukon friends before a
month expired.

He says his little children fret an' mope aroun'
all day
To have him take 'em back again to where they
use to play
An' fish along the river bank an' imitate the cry
O' wild geese tracin' long black lines across the
summer sky.

He says they keep a-beggin' an' implorin' him
to go
Back where they used to frolic with their play-
mates in the snow
An' watch the stars an' wonder at the tremblin'
Northern Lights
That flit an' dance an' whisper through the
moon-tranced Arctic nights.

He says the Malamutes he brought to make his children glad
Became before a week went by low-spirited an' sad,
An' moped aroun' just like the kids, an' even though he tried
To cheer 'em up with empty cans, they pined away an' died.

Old Jack declares that it's the heat that makes his children weep
An' renders Yukon plants an' dogs so difficult to keep;
He says there's somethin' in the hootch these roadhouse-keepers sell
That makes this climate worse for us than summertime in hell.

But I've got my own opinion why his little children cry,
An' why the Yukon plants an' dogs get homesick here an' die.
It ain't the heat an' ain't the hootch, but a sort o' soshul fog
That breeds an awful lonesomeness that even kills a dog.

The high-toned children born down here with pedigrees all right
Decline to play with Yukon kids whose mothers ain't pure white,
An' when they pass 'em on the trail they elevate their nose
An' laugh because they're pidgin-toed an' criticise their clo's.

The high-toned curly poodle dogs with ribbons roun' their necks
Don't act a bit more soshable, but sneak behind an' vex
The Malamutes till they get mad an' spoilin' for a fight,
But when they turn aroun' to scrap the poodles ain't in sight.

I mush along the crowded trails—they call a trail a "street"—
An' nod an' smile an' say "Hello!" to all the folks I meet;
But every cuss looks straight ahead an' emulates the speed
Of a Circle City miner on a Tanana stampede.

They never stop an' ask a man how he is gettin' on,
Or try to ascertain from him if all his bacon's gone;
They never take a stranger in to spend a pleasant hour,
Or ask him if he's out o' beans or if he needs some flour.

This heartless conduct makes me sad an' lonesome like the kids,
An' every Sunday afternoon, unless the fog forbids,
I cross the bay to Oakland, where I while away the hours
Beside Brick's peaceful restin' place an' cultivate his flowers.

An' while I set there by his grave, revolvin' in my mind
Why Death most always takes the good an' leaves the bad behind,
My memory goes a-mushin' an' it mushes to the scenes
Where Brick an' me was neighbors, in the far-off land of beans.

I set an' dream about the things we use to do
up there
That was legally unlawful, but that otherwise
was square,
In the good old days at Circle, 'fore the lawyers
formed a trust
To jump our richest minin' claims an' confiscate
our dust.

Again I hear the soothin' tones o' Bates's old
guitar,
As he sung about "The Fisher Maiden" at the
Polar Star;
Again I see Brick rasslin' with his yaller mando-
lin,
As he chanted 'bout the charms o' hootch an'
other kinds o' sin.

Again I hear his anecdotes that use to make us
smile,
About the soshul scandals that excited Forty
Mile,
An' watch his evolutions as he use to frisk 'an'
prance
An' liven up the Lancers at the old-time Siwash
dance.

Brick had a lot o' weaknesses, but most of 'em was strong
Compared to Christian virtues, an' but few of 'em was wrong.
He sometimes got bewildered, but he weighed our gold dust fair,
An' I recall but one time when his conduct wasn't square.

That's when he stole my parkie for the hungry shiverin' cuss
That nearly starved at Dawson 'fore he floated down to us,
An' took him to my cabin, where he put him in my bed
An' filled him full o' hootch an' beans an' left him there for dead.

He never passed a comrade havin' trouble on the trail
Until he'd lingered long enough to hear his mournful tale,
An' whether it was strictly true or somewhat otherwise,
It always proved sufficient to secure some fresh supplies.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



He never broke a contract for an insufficient cause,
An' never jumped a minin' claim or broke the minin' laws;
For he had an inborn weakness for the old Yukon belief
That a man who jumps a placer is an acrobatic thief.

In dividin' with a pardner he was never known to make
An error in division, an' he never tried to take
Advantage o' the clean-up, like some modern pardners do,
An' he never kicked a Siwash dog or sawed a boat in two.

He's climbed up past the great white peaks that overlook the vale
Where God has built a roadhouse for the men who blaze the trail,
An' he's restin' there an' waitin' for his old-time Yukon friends
To climb up there an' join him when their earthly mushin' ends.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA



When all the kindly deeds he done are entered over there
By the honest Camp Recorder, who records our titles fair,
I'm sure the Great Impartial Judge, in passin' on the same,
Will rule he ain't no alien an' entitled to a claim.

## A YUKON VISION *

As one who holds a sea-shell to his ear,
    On some far mountaintop, can hear the moan
    Of Ocean's sad, eternal monotone,
So he who contemplates this Relic here,
Methinks, may catch this vision, sharp and clear:
    Two rival monarchs of the frozen zone
    In mortal combat for the Great Moose throne,
With Death in midnight shadows lurking near;
The swiftly gathering wolf-pack's hunger-cry
    Across the ghost-pale snow beneath the moon;
    The low, discordant dirge of dying groans;
The fading life-light in a death-glazed eye;
    And lying stark, as dawns the Arctic noon,
    This Relic, 'tween two piles of polished bones.

* Lines engraved on the silver plate on interlocked moosehorns found on the Yukon in 1898, and now in possession of the San Francisco-Alaska Club of San Francisco. Plate presented to the club by Erik O. Lindblom.

## TO ANDREW CARNEGIE

We're informed that you're afraid
To explore Death's gloomy glade
Till you've restitution made
Of the pelf
You extracted from the toil
Of the men who sweat and broil,
Keeping nearly all the spoil
For yourself.

You imported hordes of Huns,
And with clubs and gatling guns
Drove our working native sons
From your mills,
While the Congressmen you paid
On the armor-plate you made
A protective tariff laid
In their bills.

You find balm in the belief
That the most colossal thief
May repent and buy relief
For his soul;
But the law of God declares
Ere he climb the golden stairs
He must pay the rightful heirs
All he stole.

Now the men who earned your gold
Rapidly are growing old—
Weak from hunger and from cold,
They can't work;
With old age fast creeping on,
With their loved ones starved and gone,
They are waiting for the dawn
At the kirk.

While they beg their daily bread,
With no place to lay their head,
And no hope till they are dead,
'Neath the mould,
You are squandering their means
'Mid attractive foreign scenes,
And you'll buy the Philippines—
If they're sold.

You are building everywhere
Homes for books and pictures rare,
While these men die of despair,
And we're told
That you hope to write your name
On the world's great roll of fame
And expect to gild the same
With their gold.

Now, we have a better scheme—
It's no poet's idle dream,
And it would your soul redeem
At the last:
Give your millions to the ones
Whom you drove out for the Huns
At the muzzle of your guns
In the past.

If you'll take our scheme in hand,
Everyone in this broad land
Will declare your project grand
And sublime.
Peace of mind you'll then secure;
God will bless you, we are sure,
And your fame it will endure
For all time.

## RIDER ROOSEVELT

(*With apologies to the late Eugene Field.*)

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I,
No publisher would hesitate my manuscripts to buy.
I'd make no rhymes about the crimes committed by our courts,
But praise in prose our costly wars and other strenuous sports;
I'd print a book of tactics on the way my cowboys drilled,
And write a brilliant brochure on "Wild Animals I've Killed."
The printer of my books, I ween, could scarce the trade supply—
If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I,
He could not sell his books because the public would not buy;

He could not ride at eventide upon a prancing steed,
Nor earn the wherewithal to buy the things his children need;
He could not keep his charming wife in necessary gear,
Not even if her frocks cost less than fifty pounds a year;
And often when he tried to sleep, these thoughts would make him sigh—
If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I,
No commonplace amusements would my nature satisfy.
I'd bust a broncho every morn, as no mere cowboy could,
And sprint to Cabin John and back with lucky Leonard Wood;
Then after lunch I'd rush across and from Elihu's files
Extract some confidential facts and reprimand old Miles;

I'd snub Mark Hanna and his friends and on myself rely—
If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I,
He'd think it strange that I should thus the decencies defy,
And ask me if I had forgot the gallant things Miles did
While I squirmed in my mother's arms, a squalling, kicking kid—
How Miles fought on a hundred fields where thickest raged the fray,
With nary nigger regiment to charge and save the day;
At least I am inclined to think that he would thus reply—
If I were Rider Roosevelt and Rider Roosevelt I.

## GIVE US WATER, UNCLE SAM

*What we want out here is Water,*
*Just plain Water, Uncle Sam,*
*And we think you ought to bring it*
*From a Governmental Dam.*

We've just learned that you've decided,
After many years' delay,
To supply the West with Water—
If you find the scheme will pay.

We've been praying hard for moisture,
Through the hot and arid years,
But our cry of "Water! Water!"
Has just lately reached your ears.

Though we're longing for this liquid,
Yet we wouldn't have you think
For a solitary minute
That we want the stuff to drink.

We have other kinds of liquids,
From the best brands to the worst,
And they're mighty efficacious
When it comes to quenching thirst.

We maintain out here that Water
  Its great function best fulfills
When it irrigates our ranches
  And brings power to our mills.

Come out here and help us finish
  What God left about half done
When He turned the Desert over
  To the Lizard and the Sun.

If you can't resist the impulse
  That impels you to expand,
You can find room for Expansion
  On our ancient arid land.

(As we furnished you with Silver
  When you wanted to resume,
Now that you've espoused Expansion,
  We'll provide the bridal-room.)

You can go up in these mountains
  And construct a reservoir
For a tithe of what you squandered
  In your recent foreign war.

You can go down in these valleys
And produce a flowing well,
And you need not run your auger
More than half way down to hell.

You can dig a hundred ditches
From the Platte to Tonopah
For much less than you have taxed us
For your ditch at Panama.

With the differential duties
Which you pay the Sugar Trust
You can pump sufficient Water
To forever lay our dust.

If you'll only bring us Water
To our arid lands out West,
We will ask no further favors,
And will quickly do the rest.

We will make the Desert blossom
Like the fertile Philippines,
Where you're killing off the natives
While we furnish you the means.

We will show you what strong muscles,
When engaged in honest toil,
Can produce on barren uplands
From a shallow, sandy soil.

We will fill your empty coffers
With the stuff you like so well—
Then the bankers can't control you,
For you'll have gold bricks to sell.

When this prayer of ours you answer
And our arid lands redeem,
You will see the full fruition
Of our hydrographic dream.

Then you'll see our verdant valleys,
Smiling 'neath our azure skies,
Circled by our purple mountains,
Like the vales of Paradise.

*What we want out here is Water,*
*Just plain Water, Uncle Sam,*
*And we think you ought to bring it*
*From a Governmental Dam.*

## THE NYE COUNTY ASS

The Ass that roams yon barren hill
  In search of sustenance
Is not what carping critics call
  A subject for romance.

The housewives in this arid town
  Whose water he has spilled,
We're very sure, from what they say,
  Would like to see him killed.

The prejudice of these, and all
  Who're wakened from their sleep
At midnight by his mournful song,
  Is permanent and deep.

But he who burns the midnight oil
  And barters night for day
Is never wakened from his sleep
  By harsh nocturnal bray.

And such a one, with prejudice
  Against nor beast nor class,
Would crave to be allowed to speak
  A good word for the Ass.

The Ass has been so vilified—
  So persecuted, too—
That we're inclined to spare the space
  And give the cuss his due.

Look at the picture here displayed;
  Inspect it with all care—
Gaze in that solemn little face
  And read the story there:

The pathos of two thousand years
  Of ancient jokes and low,
Of insufficient nourishment,
  And hereditary woe.

Go take your Bible from the shelf—
  Or come and borrow ours!—
And turn to where it tells about
  The great diluvian showers.

Examine well the pictures there,
  And you will quick remark
That Asses just like these of ours
  Took passage in the ark.

Of all the races on the earth—
  Or man, or fowl, or beast—
We've every reason to believe
  The Ass has changed the least.

And when it comes to pedigree,
  Since Adam's slip and fall
We are convinced the Ass can show
  The purest one of all.

Ours is the same old, patient Ass—
  Ears, appetite and all—
That scaled the heights of Lebanon
  And browsed by Zion's wall.

His gentle voice, from time remote,
  Has undergone no change,
And when we hear it in the night
  It has the same old range.

The song he sings on yonder hill,
  So loud—and sad—and slow,
Was heard in far-off Palestine
  Two thousand years ago.

It is the same heart-breaking song,
  Pitched in the same sad key,
That woke the humble fishermen
  On storm-tossed Galilee.

The shepherds heard the sad refrain
  That wondrous winter night,
When far athwart the eastern sky
  God flashed the World's New Light.

And now we make a plea to all
  To cease their loud complaints
Against the songs of long ago
  That satisfied the saints.

The Ass has borne your burdens here
  So patiently and long,
That you should bear as patiently
  The burden of his song.

And when you meet a weary Ass,
  O'erburdened on the road,
No matter whether man or beast,
  Help lighten up his load.

## THE PROMOTER

'T was 'way back in the early days—a year ago last fall—
When the leases was perducin' big an' Tonopah was small;
When Butler use to stake the boys to do 'most anything,
An' never took no notes, but said, "Jest pay me in the spring!"
Before Zeb Kendall made his pile, an' full o' local pride,
Put up his costly Palace an' a sleepin' place supplied—
Before Frank Golden built a block, with confidence as great,
That's a marvel to all strangers an' an honor to the State.

Sence then we've had permoters here from almost every State,
From the breezy Bay o' Fundy to the foggy Golden Gate—
From Montana down to Texas, an' from there to Puget Sound—
An' there's always 'bout a hundred o' these gents a-loafin' round.

They've reduced our common fractions an' consolidated claims
An' they've christened all our prospects with their double-jointed names
Till it looks as though the nation hasn't any more to lend—
An' extended our extensions till there's nothin' to extend.

One night a mine permoter from the mercenary East,
With his cheek all smoothly shaven like a Philydelphy priest,
Got into camp from Sody on an overloaded stage,
With his eyes inflamed an' rimy, an' a-smellin' strong o' sage;
An' they dumped him down at Stimler's, where he stomped aroun' an' cussed
'Bout the bloomin' arid desert while a-shakin' off the dust;
Then he turned an' tackled Stimler, sayin' loudly, "I persoom
That you filed my application for a two-compartment room!"
Stimler pondered for a minit, then he sort o' smiled an' said:

"You'll be mighty lucky, pardner, if you get a
'single' bed!
I jest filed yer application, but I ain't got nary
'sweet,'
An' the market ain't supplyin' us with very much
to eat;
But we've got a lot o' liquids that's as good as
you can find—
Pervided you're acclimeted to our pertic'lar kind:
An' if you're feelin' frisky an' a-hankerin' to bet,
We can furnish you with faro an' amuse you
with roulette."

Then a lot o' Mizpah leasers that was lingerin'
aroun'
They allured the thirsty stranger to go out an'
see the town,
An' they took him down to Brougher's an' they
showed him every sight
An' persood the local customs which controls
the camp at night,
An' when they got him sleepy and suffishuntly
confused,
They took him to a tunnel which was very sel-
dum used,

An' they made the cuss a mattress out o' thousand-dollar ore,
An' they covered him with empty sacks an' left him there to snore.

Next afternoon this expert, when he got himself released,
Perpared a tecknicul report an' sent the same back East.
He said: "A chap named Butler was a-munkeyin' aroun'
An' stumbled 'gainst a chunk o' ore protrudin' from the groun',
An' jest because it assayed high an' looked uncommon fine
He sort o' lost his head an' thought he'd found a payin' mine."
An' then he closed his first report: "They'll work her out by spring—
I spent a whole night underground an' couldn't see a thing!"

Next day this here permoter was interrogatin' Jim,
With a sort o' sneakin' notion that he'd get the best o' him.

They was settin' down to Kendall's with a jug
o' Holland gin,
Which the same they was imbibin' out o' glasses
made o' tin,
When this expert sprung the question, with a
wise look all aroun',
"Are you certain, Mister Butler, that yer bloom-
in' ledge goes down?"
Old Jim he thought a second, while a-gazin' in
his cup,
Then he answered sort o' sudden, "Well, by
God! she don't go up!"

That night he made his last report—this expert
of renown:
"I find the Mizpah don't go up, an' therefore
turn her down!"
Last month the news it got back East—it was
too good to keep—
That every mine in Tonopah is rich an' wide an'
deep!
When this permoter heard the news, he went
an' got in bed,
An' tossed an' groaned there for a week, an'
then they found him dead,
An' the coroner's certificut it was consize an'
brief:
"The late lamented wasn't sick—he simply died
o' grief!"

## LEM ALLEN OF CHURCHILL

*We sing of Lem Allen of Churchill,**
*The man who runs second to Sparks,*
*And his rare old collection of whiskers*
*And his extra dry brand of remarks.*

We interviewed Lem up at Reno,
And while drinking dry Mumm—which he bought—
We told him our Nye county voters
Were anxious to know what he thought.

He gave us his candid opinion
Why Silver should reign as of old,
And the same was as weighty and solid
As a brick made of Tonopah gold.

He dissected our absentee statesmen
Who mingle with Morgan too much
And spend their vacations in Europe
With Frenchmen and English and Dutch.

* Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada, 1903-6.

His voice it got husky and faltered
When the "Crime" he bĕgan to discuss,
And he looked so exceedingly arid
That we asked him to moisten with us.

He quickly absorbed the prescription,
But insisted on paying again,
And he said, "In regard to my dryness
I guess I had ought to explain:

"I try to raise sheep on the desert,
In a county adjacent to Nye;
So it's largely climatic conditions
Which renders my language so dry."

(Nine terms in the Silver State Senate,
And still he works hard on a ranch,
Which proves that old Lem never tasted
The plums that are picked from that branch.)

He depicted the sorrows of Silver—
He called her his "White Virgin Queen"—
Since that hard-hearted, yellow-skinned traitor
Went roving and treated her mean.

He deeply deplored the decadence
  Of everything good in the State—
He asserted that even our whisky
  Is losing its strength here of late.

He claimed that the market for mutton,
  Like the market for silver, 's too cheap—
That Sparks waxes rich raising cattle,
  While he nearly starves raising sheep.

He declared that the wealth of our statesmen
  Has slipped a few cogs in repute
Since Clark ran a corner on copper
  And raised the quotations at Butte.

He painted a picture of plenty,
  With the skill of a master of old,
When Silver was Queen of the Mountains
  And her legalized Consort was Gold.

He told the sad tale of our miners
  Who've hopelessly toiled through the years,
While their wives and their children have fasted
  And sprinkled the desert with tears.

He paid his respects to the bankers
  Who conspired to make Silver low-priced,
And supported each separate statement
  With a similar statement by Christ.

He projected his mind to the future,
  When Gold will be kicked from the Street
And return to the Queen of the Mountains
  And grovel in shame at her feet.

Just as Lem reached the heart of his subject
  We were forced to depart for our train—
But we leaned on the bar ere we vanished
  To permit him to treat us again.

---

*Now, list, all you Nye county voters,*
  *To our plain but prophetic remarks:*
*You can bet that Lem Allen of Churchill*
  *Will run a hot second to Sparks.*

*And if Lem keeps on talking and treating*
  *In the extra dry way he's begun,*
*He will turn down the traitors to Silver*
  *By a ratio of sixteen to one.*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW**

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing to $1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in demand may be renewed if application is made before expiration of loan period.

MAR 20 1920

APR 5 1920
OCT 25 1920

JUL 20 1921

JUL 23 1925

50m-7,'16

YB 12186

395506

Durham

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY